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Pickets Are CORE's Gift To 35 Stores

CORE pickets started "messing around" with the City's department store Christmas dollar this week.

Picketing of Sherman-Clay Company was scheduled to begin Monday (Nov. 30) and other downtown stores were soon slated to join in the Yule picket parade.

The CORE protesters were out competing for the attention of Christmas shoppers because of what CORE Chairman Bill Bradley called blatant discrimination in hiring of Negroes.

"The stores have been using an agreement we made with them on minority hiring as a mask," Bradley said. "Out of 35 major stores, 32 have NO Negro employees in visible positions such as sales clerks."

Bradley said that the picket of the downtown stores will be scheduled each day from 4:30 to 7:30 p.m.

The "rallying point" where steady picketing is expected will be Sherman-Clay with "ot-

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CAL Returns To 'Normal'

Took a quiet walk this week through the sunny plaza in front of the University of California's once-belaguered Sproul Hall administration building.

Visited half a dozen colorful card tables passing out political literature and passing the ever-empty Mason jar for loot.

The normal activities - the ones American universities teach are both the right and duties of free citizens.

Even while attempting to prohibit good citizenship on campus.

Heard a good deal of talk and picked up an armload of literature from members of the Free Speech Movement which

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MORIARTY LIVES!

What ever happened to Dean Moriarty?

"Was there really such a person?" asks a myopic young writer just in from the Midwest and seeking in San Francisco some of the landmarks he first saw in a famous - and rather definitive book about a certain swinging era here in the late 40's and early 50's, a book which Jack Kerouac called "On the Road."

For Dean Moriarty, motormaniac hero of "On the Road," Moriarty who wailed in and out of San Francisco in one smoking bomb after another to finally stay and become a Southern Pacific brakeman, to draw his friends Kerouac and Ginsberg here from New York ("Howl" was dedicated to him), did become a kind of a landmark, a landmark for a generation. For "On the Road" defined the "beat generation" and became its bible.

Dean Moriarty most decidedly does exist. His name is Neal Cassady. And, yes, he's still around, young man.

In fact, do you see that enormous, smoky Dodge speeding down the Freeway?

That's right, the one with the oversized rear tires, no shock absorbers, radio going full blast and half a dozen people a-whoopin' and a-holerin'. See the driver with the reddish hair (true, thinning a bit on top), the clear, hard blue eyes and what Kerouac called a "Gene Autry" profile. Yes, that's Neal. If you turn your head quickly enough you might get a good glimpse as he roars by.

Oops, not quick enough. You missed him.

But that's all right. Keeping up with Neal was never a job for the slow footed.

Want to hear a bit more about Neal, what happens in one day in the life of Neal Cassady?

Neal...(he's 38 now and a little of the mad fire which drove him to steal his first 500 cars before he was 18 and later led him to race one heap after

Continued on page six

Ets-Hokin Leads Revolt Of Art Panel

Art Commissioner Jeremy Ets-Hokin answered the phone the other day. I said "hello." Then I said something about "culture." Nothing else was needed. He was off like a magnetic torpedo homing in on a solid iron boat.

"Be sure to come down and cover our Western Art Commission Conference Thursday and Friday (Dec. 3-4) at the Hilton Hotel," he began. "Art Commission members will here from all the Western states.

"We've had a huge population explosion in the West. Never in the history of man has there been such technological and population growth. But we don't have the cultural image to go with it.

"Let's stop trying to copy other people. We have a unique art image in the West. San Francisco had a lot to do with it. From the western philosophy sprang Frank Lloyd Wright, sprang the Ash Can School of Art."

I interrupted long enough to ask if he still considered Art Commission President Harold Zellerbach a stick in the mud, a member of a "cultural

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Conversation With Kenneth Anger

Had a diabolic talk with a young film producer who is appropriately named Kenneth Anger.

"I am a warlock," he said. "I follow the beliefs of Aleister Crowley."

I believed him without hesitation. A deceptively quiet-spoken young man with soft movements and a certain gleam in his dark eyes, a certain power that one finds in both geniuses and madmen.

Last weekend (Nov. 27-29) several hundred of the city's film lovers went down to the Movie in North Beach to view four of Anger's films...Scorpio Rising, Fireworks, Eux d'Artifice and Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome.

The films were shown seven times over the weekend with proceeds going to Anger's continuing work. It was also a kind of "welcome to San Francisco" for the controversial producer who has decided to stay in town and continue his work here. He is now living in a small apartment just above the Movie.

When I arrived, Anger was busy splicing sections of his latest film, "Kustom," which examines the blazing and sometimes incomprehensible world of California teen-agers, their hot rods, violence and terrible young lust.

A tall, dark man born under the Aquarian sign, Anger wore the clothing and high boots of the motorcyclists whose story he has recorded in "Scorpio Rising."

He spoke with the sensitive shyness of the artist but there were occasional flashes of dark humor and a deep obsession with violence and roaring death. (As a prop for a still photograph, he chose the blood-stained T-shirt of one of the teen-agers who acted in "Kustom" and was hurt in an auto accident.)

"Scorpio Rising" and "Fireworks," both of which were once seized in Los Angeles, show his deep understanding of the bloody midnight world of homosexual sadism.

Both also reflect a certain ironic perspective which views this world as it must be seen, not as any kind of monstrosity but the unavoidable expression of rage and anguish which the "shocked" hypocrisy of this society draws out of those who have the honesty to openly act out its own most deep-seated lust and fantasy.

Anger is deeply preoccupied with the devil worshiping legacy which the great eccentric and occultist Crowley left behind for a number of tight, violent cults who worship him as a god. (He absently recalls the one ceremony which ended with an exploded Los Angeles house..."someone got careless with the nitroglycerin.")

He has one of the world's best collections of Crowley's works and recently spent many months cleaning fascist whitewash off the erotic murals Crowley left behind in a Sicilian hovel.

Like Crowley, Anger left the Continent after a clash with a militarist government.

It happened in Paris while he was filming a "private" version of "The Story of O", a famous account by a lady known as "the female de Sade".

"One of my actors - he got into it out of sheer snobbishness, you know," said Anger with a fine understanding of underworld narcissism, "one of my actors was arrested for the

Peugeot kidnapping. The Gaulist police wanted to see my film and I refused. It's still in France. Didn't dare bring it through customs, you know."

About the time that police were harassing "Fireworks", Anger received a large grant from the Ford Foundation to continue his work. That money is about exhausted.

"Kustom was an expensive film to make," he explained. "Not because the actors were paid. Cost was mainly color film, beer and free dinners. When you feed 100 actors it gets pretty expensive."

Such material expenses are the only ones Anger has to worry about. He does his own photography, editing and so on. Doesn't want anyone else to touch it. Doesn't like to use such tricky devices as zoom lenses either. ("They alter the perspective.")

The weekend benefit will help him finish "Kustom". He doubts he'll get more grants. ("Don't think the Ford people are going to be very pleased with what I did with their money," he adds with a certain savage satisfaction.)

The next Anger project will be his first sound film - a version of one of Crowley's plays which he hopes to film here... that is, if the cops can keep their paws off.

Anger has already spent one day talking with one of San Franciso's "finest."

Several weeks ago he stopped by a local film processor to pick up footage designated for shipment to the Kinsey Institute. These films were a bit special....showed a Peninsula doctor whipping a chained man in a soundproof "initiation chamber." The police were waiting when Anger arrived and the doctor was soon arrested.

"The Italian sergeant who questioned me asked some extraordinary questions," Anger said, describing his bout with the local gendarmes...."'Do you believe in a higher being? Were you baptized? What church do you belong to?' It was the first time outside of fascist Spain that I have been questioned by a policeman who kept a crucifix right out on top of his desk."

No charges were filed against Anger in this case.... just as no charges have ever been filed against him during the seizures of his films. (He did have one destroyed by a film processor who objected to its nudity - the man said nothing about the very "realistic" human sacrifice it showed.)

"I don't think I'll have any other trouble here," Anger said. "I think the police and the district attorney have learned important lessons about 'obscenity'." Lessons the Howl case and the Lenny Bruce case and the Ron Boise case taught them. I don't think there'll be more police harassment here."

"San Francisco," he added with a certain gleam in his eye, is a good place for my work."

Knowing what Kenneth Anger needs to create his kind of film, I did not ask him to elaborate.

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Beard Went But Not Fight

By Ed Bullins

Dennis Eisner sat in his Potrero Hill flat stroking a beardless chin the other evening. He seemed perplexed.

The question at hand.... Why should the addition of a little two-inch stubble at the end of one man's face throw the entire Sixth Army into a tizzy?

Eisner is the Army Reserve private who defied Presidio "regulations" early last month and began showing up for weekly reserve drill sporting a beard.

Threats of forced active duty and a court martial led to a bit of razor work Nov.19.

Eisner, a 24 year-old architectural designer, had reason to be puzzled by his enforced depilation.

Why should a beard - once hallmark of such famous military faces as U.S. Grant and Robert E. Lee now provoke such a storm? Why has a beard become such a glaring symbol of "non-conformity?"

"A beardless face has a lot to do with the Madison Avenue concept of what a man should look like." Eisner mused a bit acidly. "He should be narrow-hipped, narrow-shouldered, chestless, gutless, and an easily interchangable part of the social machine.

"It might also have something to do with modern man's dislike of anything that reminds him he's been caponized. That the sexes are becoming nearly as interchangable as the machines they jointly run."

Eisner, a recent arrival from New York, who admits that his entry into the reserve was hardly voluntary since "I did it to avoid the draft," feels that the Army has no right to make him conform to its active duty regulations when he appears only three hours a week for drill.

"Eleven and a half months a year I'm a civilian," he said. "For two weeks during the summer when I go to camp I play their soldier games but the rest of the year I'm not a soldier."

Eisner recognized from the moment he was ordered by his reserve officer ("a nonentity except for three hours a week at drill") to remove his beard, the "words rather than bullets had be my weapons."

He immediately notified the local press - hardly a sympathetic crew. They used "news" space to call his beard "facial fungus" and to call his battle for individuality "bold, bumptuous and banal." (News-Call)

Despite the somewhat jaundiced reception, Eisner held his ground until 45 days of active duty were threatened.

He shaved but at the same time prepared to go to federal court to test the constitutionality of the regulation.

Last week we found him awaiting final word from Washington before going into court.

Toward the end of our interview, Eisner paused momentarily to sum it up:

"Sure I shaved. I figured I couldn't fight from inside a jail. But if I have to go to court I expect to win. And the Army machine is going to have to find room for at least one man who refuses to be an interchangable part of anything."

WE'D ENJOY GOING TO:

San Francisco audiences will again have the chance to see the controversial Jean Genet film on prison homosexuality, "Un Chant D'Amour."

And all thanks to police harassment.

The film, written by the French poet who has spent so many years in jail will be shown Dec. 12, 19 and 26 at midnight benefits at the Surf Theatre.

The Surf showings have been arranged by Saul Landau, the film's Western distributor who went to court Monday (Nov. 30) to force the City of Berkeley to allow the film to be shown there.

Landau earlier won a bout with San Francisco police who had seized the film during what was planned only as a one-night showing at the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

"We had intended to show it only on the night of Sept. 26 when the seizure occured," explained Landau. "But when we forced them to return it, we realized there were larger issues at stake and decided to show it all around the Bay.

"These are the film's first public showings anywhere in the world. Every time we hold one of these trials to force them to allow showing, the censorship limits are being chopped away at," he said.

Admission to the three Surf benefit showings has been set at $1.50.

"Sex and Sanity" will be discussed here Dec. 11 by Maxime Sarett, author of "The Housewife's Handbook of Selective Promiscuity" (Pen name: Rey Anthony).

The lecture, sponsored by the San Francisco chapter of General Semantics, will be held at 8 p.m. in the Woman's City Club, 465 Post Street. Admission fee is $1.

Daughters of Bilitis are getting into the holiday spirit.

Their annual cocktail party will be held Sunday (Dec. 6) from 4 to 7 p.m., at 525 Bellevue St., Daly City.

Members and friends of the DOB are invited. Donation is $2.50.

A DOB business meeting will be held Wednesday (Dec. 2) 8:30 p.m., at 816 Kansas St.

Female Impersonator Ken Marlowe comes to the Bay City to observe the 24th anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

For those loyal Americans who have forgotten the date, it's Dec. 7 at the Rendezvous, 567 Sutter. For those broke Americans...good news. There's no admission fee.

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